The East Misunderstands the West and Is Misunderstood

Astonishing Ideas Prevail in Each Section About the Other, but Underneath Runs the Heart Throbs of Americans All---Striking Examples Gleaned From a Reporter's Note-book Filled by a Recent Extensive Tour

A NEW YORK HERALD reporter has just completed a five thousand mile journey through far Western States, undertaken for the purpose of reporting political conditions. He observed or heard many things not exactly related to politics. He discovered that in many ways New York city and the West are not as far apart as they used to be. He tells of his impressions and of some of the things he saw or heard in the following article:

By W. A. DAVENPORT.

So far as the writer was able to discern in a more or less comprehensive tour of the West, just completed, the only thing that equals the Atlantic coast's ignorance of the West (and particularly of the Northwest) is that country's ignorance concerning the Atlantic coast folks. In some instances this mutual ignorance is appalling. Probably it would be better to refer to it as "misunderstanding," because ignorance bespeaks a lack of knowledge, and the New Yorker admits no lack of knowledge concerning the West, and the West, educated, like the New Yorker, through the movies and the musical comedy, knows all about Wall Street, Broadway cabarets, the sinister gangsters and Fifth Avenue.

For every New Yorker (and the term New Yorker is used in a general Eastern sense) who expects a native of Missoula, Mont., to wear chaps, a wide sombrero, Spanish heels and spurs, there is a far Westerner who will expect a real New Yorker to wear a silk hat and spats up until six in the evening, when invariably he must change to evening clothes and begin flirting with a vampire. By the same token, a real New Yorker goes scooting about in a limousine to engage in mysterious intrigue and cunning, whether in business or politics, while the citizen of Cody or Butte fares forth of a morning on a crazy cayuse to round up a thousand blundering steers, lynch a malefactor or shoot his political enemy.

The writer was sitting in the fine offices of the North Dakota State Bankers Association, across the street from Arthur C. Townley's famous Scandinavian-American Bank in Fargo, North Dakota.

"It is now just 1 o'clock," observed Mr. McFadden, secretary of the association. "You are sitting there in the window overlooking Main street. At 1:30 I shall ask you how many horses you have seen and how many motor cars."

In that half hour the writer saw one lonely horse traverse a street that was continuously thronged. He did not attempt to count the automobiles. But there was not a moment when the two blocks of beautiful street visible from that window did not contain at least forty motor cars. And they ranged from flivvers to huge imported machines driven by liveried chauffeurs.

"Why, that's nothing remarkable," scoffed Charlie McCaffrey, secretary of the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Chamber of Commerce. "Do you know that the 650,000 inhabitants of South Dakota could take a joy ride all at the same time in the privately owned motor cars there and that there wouldn't be more than four persons in each car?"

And from McCaffrey's offices, on the ninth floor of as fine an office building as New York possesses, we watched streets that looked just as much like New York streets as Fourteenth street looks like 125th.

And it came as something of a disillusionment to see Webster Harley, foreman of the Triple Bottom Ranch, near Flat Head Lake, Montana, riding the range in a six cylinder racing car. Mr. Hartley wore khaki breeches, cordovan puttees, a fawn colored flannel shirt and a derby hat. He didn't have a spur, a chap, a Winchester or a sombrero about him.

"Looks like the East was kicking the bottom out of the market," observed Mr. Harley. "It's damned tough luck, because I've just got fine results out of crossing those Herefords with Longhorns. Guess we're in for a bit of a loss this fall. Tell 'em when you go back East that Washington and New York had better do something about it."

That was no worse than the jolt the well dressed Blackfeet Indian gave the observer when "the Chief" boarded the train at Billings. After the porter had stowed away the tall Indian's pigskin luggage, the latter settled down to read Edgar James Swift's "Psychology and the Day's Work."

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James Braxton has been a porter on Pullman cars between Butte, Mont., and Denver for ten years.

"Used to be," was old Jim's observation, "that there wasn't any trouble telling Eastern gen'lemen fum Western gen'lemen. Here and there I been railroadin' the West for twenty years and the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Great Northern and the Milwaukee and St. Paul look pretty much the same to me. But, shucks, the Western gen'leman is more Eastern than the Eastern gen'leman is now. The only man who rides wild and wears trick clothes nowdays is the Easterner who comes out here for his health or somethin' and when he gets to feelin' peart again he goes gallivantin' around like he thinks Western folks do. And the other Easterner comin' out in the summer time to see the West sees the Easterner and shouts.

"'Oh, see the cowboy. Ain't he picturesque, though! Wonder what he thinks of us tenderfeets?'"

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The West is far more openhanded and comrady than the East. There's no doubt about that. They have just as many faults, shortcomings and vices as we Easterners have, to be sure, but they seem to cloak and dissemble them less. They seem to take life less seriously, too.

To illustrate the latter point. There is a reporter on the Anaconda (Montana) *Standard* who, two years ago, was nominated for Governor by the Socialists of the State. To be nominated for Governor on the Socialist ticket in Montana is just about as impressive as being nominated for the Presidency of the United States on the Single Tax ticket.

The Anaconda *Standard* is owned by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and it cannot be said to be a radical organ. The reporter, having thought the situation over, went to Richard Kilroy, editor of the *Standard*.

"Dick," he began, "I guess I'll have to resign."

"Why, George?" queried Kilroy.

"Well," was the reply, "the Socialists have nominated me for Governor and I guess I'd better get out, because you know we Socialists are knocking the Anaconda pretty hard and it wouldn't seem fair for me to be writing politics for you and bawling you out at the same time, you know."

"Oh, forget it," replied Kilroy. "Be sensible, George. You won't be elected. You know that. You'll need your job and you'd better stick. Just go ahead writing the truth about the situation. We don't want you to be a propagandist. Go right ahead covering the news and I'll see to it that you have your nights off to campaign in. We're good friends and there's no use letting a little thing like political belief or affiliation separate us. Go to it, old man. Have a good time."

The reporter surrendered to the philosophy of his chief. He wrote a story immediately for the *Standard*. The Socialists, he wrote, had committed the colossal blunder of nominating an "unknown incompetent" for Governor. It was a "great error on the part of the Socialists." This man upon whom they had decided for Governor was "unworthy and unfitted." The Socialists were, all things considered, "pretty poor pickers and were due for a tremendous licking at the polls."

George's story continued thus to the extent of a column of newspaper space. It was 5 o'clock when he had finished the article and turned it over to Warren Davis, his city editor.

"I'm to address a meeting at 5:30, Warren," said George, "and I won't be back tonight."

"Good luck, George, and don't let the nasty capitalists slip anything over on you," was Davis's rejoinder.

A block away from the offices of the Anaconda *Standard* George mounted a soap box. A crowd of a hundred or so surrounded him and for an hour he held them enthralled as he dissected the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and its mouthpiece, the Anaconda *Standard*. His fellow journalists led the cheering for the proletariat and the jeering of the plutocrats who owned the richest hill on earth, where copper, gold and silver are mined in fabulous quantity. He read his own newspaper story of the Socialist nomination and wanted to know whether that was fair. The crowd howled its derision at the libellous article and then, George having descended from his rostrum, dispersed to its several homes feeling much better.

But George went back to the offices of the Anaconda *Standard* and wrote the story of his own meeting.

"Why," testifies Kilroy, "had George written that about any man except himself we'd have been sued for libel and would have had to pay the victim a million dollars or so."

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Just at present the farmers of Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, are lamenting the drop in the retail markets.

"Well," said a reporter for THE NEW YORK HERALD to a Minnesota farmer, "didn't you expect the market to drop sooner or later? Haven't you made more money in the last three years than you did in the five or six preceding them? You can't expect the wartime prices to hold forever, can you?"

"You Easterners talk foolish as soon as you get west of Chicago," was his reply. "You are consumers; we're the producers. So long as the East knuckles down to every labor agitator who comes along and gives in to his demands because you fear a strike, we producers of food have to boost labor prices out here, and the result is that we have to boost costs of our products. Then you howl about the cost of food and there's an unnatural drop in the market due to arbitrary price cutting. We have to stand it because it costs us no less to produce food despite the fact that we get less for it.

"Even the Non-Partisan League programme does us no good. We have state grain elevators and abattoirs, but that merely assures us of a square deal on the scales and in the measures. We can't hold back the crops. The only thing we can do is to get together and decide to raise less wheat, corn, pork, beef and so on. But that doesn't solve the problem. The present market drop is unnatural; it isn't the result of cooperation. The more money we made the more we invested in our lands. What we need is a sound economist at the head of the government."

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"I guess you've noticed the general apathy concerning the national political fight out here, hey," said a Colorado ranchman who raises sugar beets. "Well, we don't give a hang about the tariff or the League of Nations. I attended a Farmers' Alliance meeting last week and a man from North Dakota got to talking about the League of Nations. He had it right. The European war meant a lot to you Eastern folks. You are pretty close to Europe, there in New York. But the farmer out in the West and up in the Northwest doesn't see through your eyes. Principally, we farmers came from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany and the other northern European countries. Many of us are removed from Europe by only one or two generations.

"The Germans, for instance, aren't opposed to the League of Nations because England or any other European country may have the best of the deal. We came from Europe because we could get a better, freer deal here in America. We wanted to get away from the crooked taxation, the domination of royalists, and so on. Well, we want nothing to do with any league or treaty that will make America a party to the rotten politics of Europe. Get that straight. We're for a league that will make war impossible. We came away from Europe to get away from certain war. We don't care so much about Senator Harding out this way. We don't know anything about the man. Cox has been through and he offers us the League of Nations to think over. We've thought it over. But we're for issues, not men, out here.

"The great majority of us are going to vote the Republican ticket because we cannot stand for the Wilson League. The Democratic party is about through until it gets over this internationalism that makes America a party to the politics of Europe."

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To the Eastern farmer the color of the Western loam is a revelation. The train was passing through a particularly beautiful farm country in South Dakota.

"Look at that black soil," gasped a tall, spare man, pointing to a recently ploughed field that was so black as to look as though fire had swept it. "Why, if we farmers in New England had soil like that we'd sell it for fertilizer."

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Arthur C. Townley is still boss of the Non-Partisan League. He started the movement in North Dakota. The league is now active in nine states—North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana, Idaho, Nebraska, Colorado and Washington. Naturally Townley's troubles have multiplied in direct ratio with the growth of his league. Occasionally his rule is challenged.

While Townley was in neighboring States his First Lieutenant, William Lemke (Boycott Bill) dominated the league's activities in North Dakota. Townley came back this fall to find Lemke the man of the hour. Farmers talked of Lemke rather than of Townley, and this was not to the liking of the latter. Therefore Townley caused Lemke, a lawyer, to be nominated for Attorney-General. Lemke was not enthusiastic, but he was nominated and he probably will be elected.

"Arthur Townley's a smart man," said Harry Paulson of the *Fargo Forum*. "Bill Lemke was getting along too fast for Arthur's comfort, so Arthur decided it was time for Bill to have a job that was going to keep him busy twelve or fourteen hours a day. Bill will have less time to build his own political machine now."

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Throughout the Northwest they go to tremendous lengths to make you like them. They figure that the satisfied tourist is a good advertisement. Especially they welcome the Easterner who is out looking them over. Even the street car conductors share the spirit. Fancy a conductor on a New York city surface car dismounting with you and pointing out the street you wanted to reach!

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In Cheyenne, Wyo., they insist that this is a true story. The writer was told the yarn by a rancher who said that he knew the hero.

A motor car agent had come down from Detroit and had installed himself at Cheyenne's best hotel. The clerk, Alvin Clarke, was a particularly gracious and accommodating young man who was brim full of the "Boost Cheyenne" spirit. A club where poker, faro and red dog games were continuous flourished near by and the automobile man was lured thereto. He was doing very well when the police arrived and arrested all persons in the place. They were taken to the police station. It was about 10 o'clock at night. The dealers and other attaches of the resort were held in huge bail. The players were released upon their own recognizance to appear in court at 2 o'clock the next afternoon.

"My God," wailed the motor car agent to Clarke, when the former had reached the hotel. "It means the loss of thousands of dollars to me, maybe. I'm supposed to be on my way to Denver at 8 o'clock in the morning. And I can't have my chief back in Detroit know about this. And I simply must be in Denver to-morrow night."

"Oh, that's all right," soothed Clarke, "go on to Denver. They don't know me down there at police headquarters and they won't remember you. Besides it will mean merely a ten dollar fine. This is old stuff. To-morrow's my day off. I'll go down to the court and answer to your name. They'll fine me ten bucks and it will be all over. Good luck."

The agent thanked Clarke fervently, slipped twenty dollars into his hand and went to bed. He departed from Cheyenne the next morning after again thanking the clerk. The clerk appeared in court. But the old deck had been reshuffled. The political powers that be in Cheyenne had decided to make an example of all gamblers caught in this particular raid.

Clarke pleaded guilty and had the fine in his hand ready to pay the moment it was announced. The judge glared at him for an instant and waved a condemnatory hand.

"Twenty days in the county jail," grunted the court; "this business of you gay blades from the East making a gambling hell of Cheyenne has got to be stopped. Take him away."

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Long ago the so called Regular Republicans in Wisconsin decided that just so long as Senator Robert M. La Follette was alive or able to play politics they were out of luck. It would be unfair to say that they witnessed his decline in health as the dawn of a new political day in their State. It is not to be said that they rejoiced in his illness. However, they did know, and do know, that with Bob La Follette able to function, Bob La Follette is boss of the State.

Because of the Senator's ill health his political machine has not prospered. It has hardly held its own in some sections of the State. Because of this degeneration of the sturdy La Follette machine the Non-Partisan League was permitted to come into Wisconsin this year and help out the senior Senator in his fight to place Jim Thompson of La Crosse in Irving L. Lenroot's seat in the United States Senate.

Arthur Townley and his efficient Non-Partisan League machine came into the Badger State and anchored itself. It was not able to defeat Lenroot in the primaries, but so strong is it throughout the legislative districts that the La Follette leaders are finding themselves elbowed out of the road. Now the astute La Follette finds himself face to face with a machine that is just as ready to relegate him and his organization to the scrap heap as it is to ruin any other political faction. And the regulars, who had begun to perk up and revive old hopes when the La Follette grip appeared to be weakening, are bemoaning the presence of an even more ruthless boss—Arthur Townley.

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Women will vote in the West in relatively greater numbers than here in the East. Suffrage was granted the women folk of some Western States while still the Southern Legislatures were referring woman suffrage bills to committees on lunacy. But there are fewer of what we know as female politicians. The women align themselves with their men folk at the polls. This because of the lack of the diversification of interests that obtains here in the East. In the West the majority of the men are farmers, miners, stock raisers and lumber men. The personal element enters politics to a greater degree than it does this side of the Mississippi.

Therefore the principle at stake in any election equally affects the women and the men. Besides the males predominate in numbers. For that reason the men folks still wear the domestic crown—a little tarnished there as here, to be sure, but such is the fact, nevertheless.

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Under Sheriff Whalen of Silver Bow county, Mont., has a thoroughly effective method of subduing wife beaters, stock thieves and like gentry. The writer was in his office when advice came by telephone that a well known bad man was wearing off the edge of his grouch by beating his wife.

"Jed," drawled Whalen to one of his deputies, "you and Jake and Tom go down to the flats. Humpy Allen is beating his wife again. And Jed, after you leave Humpy in the hospital go over to the West Side and tell them Bohunk whiskey runners that I'm hep to 'em and to lay off."

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We who bemoan high rentals, high prices and lack of earnest workers here in the East may take what comfort there may be in the knowledge that conditions are no better, relatively, in the West. It is costing 50 per cent. more to travel now on the Western railroads, but station agents and Pullman conductors will tell you that all records for travelling are being broken this year. Food costs 100 per cent. more this year than it did three years ago, but the menu card in the Thornton Hotel, Butte, might be transferred to any first class hotel in New York without change in items or prices. In the cities in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana, Colorado and Utah the rents for decent apartments and houses relatively are higher than they are in the East.

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Bill Dunn of Butte is the boss of the labor vote in Montana. There's no question about his rule. Bill affects no camouflage. He admits that he's a Communist and that the I. W. W. is a great institution. There's a city ordinance in Butte prohibiting the presence on telephone, electric wire or street lampposts of political dodgers. A number of Bill's own posters were found pasted in forbidden places and a policeman was sent down to the offices of the Butte *Bulletin* to arrest Bill.

Dunn objected to being arrested, and when the policeman insisted Bill knocked him down. Several of Bill's friends wrested the gun from the hands of the cop. The cop went back to headquarters.

"And did Bill get away with that?" demanded the reporter for THE NEW YORK HERALD, who had lively visions of a New York cop fighter bouncing one off a Manhattan policeman's jaw and getting by with it.

"Oh, yes, he got away with it," sighed the citizen relating the incident. "But Bill's time's coming. You see, Bill's got a lot of political friends on the force now. But some morning Bill's friends are going to bury a few small shreds of what to-day is Bill. It happens like that out here."

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There's a real labor fight on in Sioux Falls, S. D. In the Labor Temple a placard reads:

"The Lumber Trust refuses to sell building materials to any contractor who will not agree to maintain an open shop. The Lumber Trust is our enemy and the enemy of all union labor."

And the lumber dealers reply:

"The Building Trades Council refuses to use building materials purchased by any contractor who will not refuse to hire any man who can't produce a union card. What could be more unfair than that?"

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These are but a few typical impressions and stories of the West. There is so little difference between the men and women of the West and the men and women of the East that you must call upon your imagination to make it clearly defined. However, they imagine that we are something that we are not, and we insist upon picturing them as something that they are not.

Women Throughout Country Eager to Vote This Year

Continued from Preceding Page.

active woman's division which has organized the State by counties, and kept a corps of women speakers touring the State. The last of August the Republican Woman's Organization of Missouri was notified by the National Woman's Division that Missouri ranked second only to New York in the effectiveness of its woman's organization.

Practically no prominent women in St. Louis or throughout the State have remained non-partisan. The League of Women Voters, which is a non-partisan organization and is perhaps stronger in Missouri than in any other State in the Union, has maintained its non-partisanship in St. Louis by electing three coequal presidents, Republican, Democrat and independent, each of which looks after the party representation in the organization.

At the election of a president of the Town Club, a non-partisan organization of 1,200 representative business and professional women, in May the Republican candidate defeated the Democratic woman by one vote, which indicated an evenly divided membership, as partisan politics was the greatest factor in the election.

Audiences at political meetings number about as many women as men, besides the great number of strictly women political meetings conducted by the League of Women Voters for citizenship purposes, the city committees of both parties and the women's political clubs. The Democratic League of St. Louis has a membership of both men and women, while the Republican Women's Club is primarily for women. Harding-Coolidge clubs and Cox-Roosevelt clubs are enthusiastically supported by the women. Indications are that more Missouri women are for Harding than for Cox.

San Francisco

Suffrage is such an old element in California politics that the women voter is satisfied to attend to her knitting and her household duties and does not as a rule meddle in the activities of a campaign. As women they have no organization in the State either for Harding or Cox. There are some few exceptions, but they are not of sufficient force or numbers to cut an important figure. Those of the women voters who enjoy the political limelight are so evenly divided between the camps of the two leading parties that they offer no basis of calculation or prediction as to the preferences of California's suffragists on the national candidates.

The State laws do not provide for separation of the registrations of men and women, so there are no absolute figures on the registration of either. The total registrations in the State on July 31 were 1,252,631, and it is estimated two-fifths of these were women. Experience has shown that a larger percentage of registered men go to the polls and vote than registered women. This convinces politicians that at the November election not more than a quarter of the vote in California will be cast by women.

If these women follow out their declared preferences at the time of registering they will give Harding a large vote, as the registration in the State was at the rate of seven Republicans to two Democrats.

Art Celebrity Visits U. S.

LEONCE BENEDITE.
Director of the National Museum of Luxembourg, Paris.

LATELY arrived in this country, where he comes to talk on art to students of the leading art schools, is Leonce Benedite. With him came his daughter, Mlle. Rosa Benedite. They spent but a few days in New York, then left for San Francisco, whence his tour of the country will begin.

M. Benedite is the director of the National Museum of Luxembourg in Paris, where modern paintings are shown in distinction to the Museum of the Louvre, which conserves old art. He is a lecturer and writer of great distinction on art subjects, and has published the following works: "The Luxembourg Museum" (1874), "The Salon of 1895," "Two Idealists: Gustave Moreau and Burne Jones" (1899), "Alphonse Legros" (1900), "Alexandre Falguiere" (1902), "John Lewis Browne" (1903), "Contemporary French Sculptors" (1904), "Art of the Nineteenth Century" (1905), "Whistler" (1905) and "J. F. Millet" (1907).

With the late Edouard Garnier, Benedite founded *Le Bulletin des Musees* and with H. P. Vilien *l'Album des peintres lithographes*.

Leonce Benedite was born at Nimes, where he received his education. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and president of several societies of painters and engravers, including the Society of Parisian Painters.

Passing of the War Drum Recalls Thrilling Tales of Many a Boy Hero

THE drums and drummer boys, who for so many campaigns were the objects of much sentiment, are gone. Where not so very many years ago the rattling snare drums sounded the retreat and the charges, now the bugle, with its more penetrating and commanding voice, rules the field. As battles became larger and wider in their scope it was found that drums could not be heard above the roar of the battle to any distance, and consequently they were given up.

The little drummer boy was the most touching figure in the wars in which he took part. Chosen for his diminutive stature, he frequently was of tender years, and always in the fiction of war he was pictured as a sweet faced cherub, wounded terribly, but beating the charge to the last. While this aspect of the appeal to sentiment became so common as to appear ridiculous, it originally sprang from a true premise. The little drummer boys, almost without exception, were brave little fellows. Many a gallant youth did give his life and many a heroic deed was performed by the little salamanders.

They were the favorites of the men and the pets of the regiment; nothing was too good for them, and on wet or cold nights they never suffered for warmth. If they sank to sleep unblanketed some powerful trooper was sure to spread over them his own covering.

The most thrilling tales of the little drummers come from Napoleon's campaigns.

On the retreat from Russia, when grown men died by the hundreds from the ravages of the cold and the Cossacks, a goodly number of drums were strung along back of the gruesome path of the fleeing Frenchmen. In the rear guard, which was commanded by the gallant Marshal Ney, was a chipper drummer boy of about 12 years. The constant fighting and burden of keeping the human wolves off the rear of the army was terrific, and only the inspired drumming of the boy and his childish "Long live France!" saved them from succumbing time after time.

During a brave stand, or when Ney halted his men and turned back upon their tormentors, young France would sound the charge with such a shattering roll of enthusiasm that the grenadiers waded back through the snow and scattered the Cossacks like chaff. Turning to flee to the refuge of the main body, some stalwart would throw the boy astride of his shoulders and bear him off the field.

From this point of vantage the drummer would beat the retreat and shout back street gamin epithets at the Russians. When they came to a river he was not at a loss for crossing. Simply mounting his drum and paddling, he went across in comfort.

French archives are full of such heroism, and the drummer boys became the most popular and feted members of the French army, barring, of course, the Marshals.

Our civil war too saw the drummer boy, but he was passing even them. Toward the last of the conflict he had begun to go out. The bugle did the business better, and so the boy heroes had to go.

Men who have marched and charged to the cheering music of brass bands and to the silver notes of the bugle say that nothing can touch for inspiration the old time drum. They say that when the rhythm, the volume and the thrill of the rattling drum once permeated the blood of the old soldiers they were practically invincible and that with such martial incentive to inspire them they would walk straight into the mouths of guns.

Artificial Seasoning

THE practice of artificial seasoning of timber has grown greatly within recent years. Seasoning that would occupy three or four years by natural processes can be accomplished in proper kilns in from three to four days to as many weeks.

The work is done in closed-in buildings capable of holding from 20,000 to 50,000 cubic feet of timber. The floor is gently sloping and the timber is gradually passed down it. A fan draws air over the surfaces of a steam heater, and this air passes through the piles of boards or planks, which are separated about an inch. The air enters at the lower end in order to carry the moisture derived from the the timber that has been longest in the kiln to that which has just been introduced at the upper end. The reason for this is that in seasoning the air must be charged with moisture at the beginning and only dry at the later stages. Without this precaution the timber would be "case dried," the interior remaining damp, and afterward it would warp and crack.